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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1903.

Daily Calendar of American History.

September 11.

- 1777—Battle of Brandywine—Washington defeated.
1814—Fleet on Lake Champlain under Commander Thomas McDonough defeated the British under Commander Downie.
1861—Siege of Lexington, Mo., begun.
1886—American yacht Mayflower defeated British yacht Galatea in international yacht races for the America's Cup.
1893—World's Parliament of Religions began its sessions in Chicago.

Gifts to the President.

Mr. Roosevelt Has Decided to Accept None Hereafter.

It is said that Mr. Roosevelt has expressed his intention of accepting no gifts from the people hereafter. The occasion of the expression of this decision was given by a young lady. She sent to the President a beautiful flag made by her own hands, and it is reported that she wept when it came back to her.

With all sympathy for the young lady it must be admitted that there was probably a rock bottom of necessity to the President's decision. In the course of his recent Western journey he received a carload of motley gifts, including many live ones. The bears, eagles, raccoons, deer, horses, and other creatures which people seem possessed to give him would stock a small menagerie. Neither is he a rich man, and the housing of all kinds of different beasts is a problem worth considering. Noah solved it, of course, but he had help from Providence. The modern menagerie requires large capital, and the President is not a rich man.

He might, of course, give away these presents, but we all know what happened when Dewey gave his house to his wife. There are some people who regard it as a deadly insult if any gift of theirs is allowed to pass out of the hands of the recipient. Somebody once gave Mrs. Cleveland a set of dining chairs, with leather seats, the leather being richly embossed with her own portrait. Of course, the giver would have felt much offended had those chairs gone to the junk shop, and perhaps he was hurt because they were not used in the state dining room. But not wishing to be "sat on" by anybody, even herself, Mrs. Cleveland kept the chairs—in the garret. The President bestowed upon the National Zoological Park the various 'coons presented by his admirers, but there can be too many 'coons even in a collection of that kind. Probably Mr. Roosevelt would have had no objection to accepting gifts if the givers would store them for him, and in the case of live things, pay their board.

The Dowie Crusade.

The Remarkable Attempt of the Zionists to Proselyte in New York.

It may be of passing interest to observe what effect, if any, the appearance in New York of the Rev. John Alexander Dowie and his three thousand followers to propagate the doctrines of the Christian Catholic Church will have upon the morals and the spiritual life of the metropolis.

Of all the religious sects which have arisen since the dawn of the Christian era and for a time have attracted attention, none has adopted such a plan of proselyting its faith as is proposed by the founder and leader of "Zion," the self-styled "Elijah the Second." He purposes moving upon the city with his disciples en masse, and by a house-to-house and heart-to-heart canvass place his interpretation of Holy Writ within the possession of all the well-to-do. It is this class rather than the poor and degraded which Dowie seeks to win, for by so doing there is greater pecuniary profit to him who has made religion a lucrative business. The appearance of Elder Dowie in Wall Street preaching his strange creed to bankers and brokers in their busy hours will be unique.

Whatever else may be said of Dowie, however, it must be admitted that his influence upon the credulous is nothing short of wonderful, and there

are many of the credulous in the well-to-do class. Whatever else Dowie is, charlatan, religious mountebank, or hypocrite, he is a born leader and organizer, and had he chosen politics instead of religion as a profession he would have been more than a mere "boss," he would have been an absolute and despotic dictator, one who would have put such machine manipulators as Croker, Platt, and Quay to rout and to shame.

By the exercise of a peculiar genius for forcing his insincere opinions upon others, Dowie has preyed upon the superstitions and fears of those weaker than himself and has made religion a paying industry, which has enabled him to become many times a millionaire. Were it not for the freedom of worship guaranteed by the Constitution under which Dowie is able to cloak his operations he might be prosecuted for false pretenses in inducing his converts to turn over all their possessions to his keeping and giving them nothing in return. Instead of selling all that they have and giving to the poor according to Scriptural injunction, they sell and give to Dowie.

Yet the followers of Mohammed are not more ardent and zealous than are the followers of Dowie. It is a strange hypnotic power which he exerts over them and which cannot be accounted for as in the case of the Mussulmans, who are born to their faith. These Zionists are for the most part persons of intelligence, in whom their present religious belief is not hereditary. Doubtless many will see and hear Dowie and his disciples by reason of curiosity during their two weeks' campaign of proselyting in New York. That there will be some converts to Zionism is not unreasonable to suppose, for human nature is not different there than elsewhere, but the faith of the great body of good people of New York of whatsoever creed will not be shaken by the onslaughts of such as Dowie. There are those who are ever ready to embrace new dogmas, but it is not likely that any denomination will suffer the loss of many adherents by reason of the advent of Dowie.

The Parcels Post.

A Possible Important Improvement in the Postal Service.

In urging the establishment of rural free delivery, zealous persons have lost sight of a far more valuable improvement which might be made in the postal service—the introduction of the parcels post. Where free delivery would save an hour, the parcels post would often save half a day to the farmer.

At present several different express companies are practically duplicating, in a less efficient way, the service of the Government. Not seldom it happens that parcels are delayed because of the transfer from one company to another; and such a transfer is always more or less expensive. Under the parcels post system a package would go from Maine to Florida exactly as a letter does now, prepaid, and delivered at the postoffice nearest the recipient's address. If sent to a city it would come with the postman's budget. Every postoffice would become an express office. At present the dweller in rural neighborhoods sometimes gets his express packages after this fashion: The stage driver brings "word" to the postmaster that there is a package at the express office for Mr. So and So, and that if Mr. So and So desires, it will be brought up next day for a small sum. This makes a day's delay in receiving the package, and in some cases more. Under the parcels post system the package would be at the postoffice on the day of its arrival at the nearest railway station.

When it comes to sending out parcels, the postal service would be far superior to the present express service. At present the farmer who wishes to send a package by express must use the cumbersome method of sending it by stage to the express office, or taking the time to go there himself; while under the parcels post system he can prepay it at the postoffice.

It cannot be said with any surety that the present express service is superior in any way to the parcels post, so far as small packages are concerned. A fair trial of the latter would probably prove beyond question the superior convenience of the postoffice system.

The English Traveler.

Evidently He Expected to Find America a Wilderness.

An Englishman landed in New York not long ago prepared for a tour in America—not the wilds of America either. He brought with him a patent bath tub in a trunk contrived especially for it, also a folding tea table, with knives, forks, dishes, and all the paraphernalia. Apparently

he thought he was coming to a wilderness which knew not the refinements of life.

It would be interesting to follow the processes of that Briton's mental development in this country, as he finds that in any city of moderate size he can have a room with a private bath and unlimited hot and cold water, and that while Americans do not always understand the art of making tea to suit the English taste, all he needed out of his elaborate preparatory service was an alcohol lamp and kettle. It would also be interesting to hear what he says if he takes all that baggage west of the Rocky Mountains and pays for its transportation per railway or mule-back.

"Pittsburg has hot and expensive conflagration," says our illustrious evening contemporary, quite different from one of those cold and inexpensive conflagrations.

The young man who desires to convey to his "best girl" a comprehensive idea of how highly he prizes her should not tell her she is worth her "weight in gold," but rather that she is worth her "weight in radium." That brings \$100,000 an ounce.

Those eight Iowa Populists who met in convention recently ought to have been able to have constructed a platform upon which all of them could stand without crowding.

There was nothing original in the action of the Kaiser in sleeping on the ground. President Roosevelt started that fad several weeks ago.

Judge Advocate General Davis has decided that Washington could technically be called "the front" during the civil war. The citizens who "skedaddled" to Canada to avoid the draft were also of that opinion.

Governor Dockery has shaved off his whiskers for the first time in twenty years. Now can anyone say that the Missouri Democracy is tainted with Populism?

"Worth makes the man," says the President. We thought "Worth" made the woman.

Mayor Tom Johnson has just completed a seven-acre trout pond which cost him \$40,000, but as yet he has sent Grover Cleveland no invitation to come and fish in it.

It would probably be impossible to convince certain New York editors that the average American reader can understand a simple editorial even though the important paragraphs are not printed in capitals.

As if an emphatic refusal were not sufficient rebuke to the Sultan of Sulu who wanted to marry her, Miss Sweet has become the bride of a Boston anti-imperialist.

No, Helen, "Turkish Atrocities" is not the name of a new cigarette, although it would not be inappropriate for some of the old brands.

A newspaper with the high-sounding name of "Commercial News" speaks of him as the "Hon. Daniel B. Hill." The ex-Senator might retort by alluding to "Uncle Joe" Cannon's home town as "Davidville."

All booms look alike to the average Democrat, who is very much in the dark.

In a Lighter Vein.

Nothing From Santa.
Oh, Colombia, down on the isthmus,
If you do not straighten out this thing,
I rather suppose
That you'll find in your house
A large lump of nothing at Christmas.
—Chicago Tribune.

More Appreciated Than.
Proud mamma—You haven't kissed the baby.
Bachelor Uncle—Um—er—I'll try to remember that time.
"I'll kiss him when I—er—come back from China."
—When will that be?
"Let—me—see, in about sixteen years."—Tit-Bits.

A Certainty.
"How come folks always sayin' dat de devil in de weather, winter en summer?"
"En what's dat?"
"Hell don't freeze over in de winter time!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Lipton's Boat.
Lipton had a little boat.
A good one, of her kind;
And everywhere Lipton went
The Shamrock trailed behind.
—William F. Kirk, in Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Sincerity of Advice.
Gabber—Are you going to housekeeping?
Benedict—(Answer drowned by passing car.)
Gabber—That's right; nothing like it. Have your own.
Benedict—I said I wasn't.
Gabber—Oh, well; that's where you're wise. You'll miss, etc.—Baltimore American.

Inexperienced.
Stella—How does Jack make love?
Bella—Well, I should define it as unskilled labor.—Life.

Not Concerned.
Blinker—Are you interested in what happens in Wall Street?
Tinker—No; I don't take any stock in it.—Baltimore American.

Mother Goose Up to Date.
[By the author of "Mary's Butte."]
Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
So to make expenses very light
They both drank kerosene.

There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children
She sent Roosevelt one or two.

When old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get that doggone bone,
As she opened the door
She uttered a roar,
To give the proceedings some tone.

When Jack and Jill
Went up the hill,
The best of your troubles by that;
That Jack fell down
And broke his crown
Because the pail was full of beer.
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The People's Forum.

Who Levies the Taxes?

To the Editor of The Washington Times:

I have just been reading—for amusement—the official organ of the kitchen cabinet of the municipal administration of the District, and I have been wondering how long it will take before the Washington newspaper (as contradistinguished from an F Street organ) and of a plain newspaper man (as contradistinguished from a journalist).

Judge of my wrath and my feelings—I was where my women folks sat about a table—when I read this, as coming from the local board of personal tax appraisers, Messrs. McKenzie and Nye:

"We have certainly no desire to unjustly tax any citizen."

Think of falling up against that, will you, when you couldn't use rugged old Saxon with the local board of personal tax appraisers.

What the—the—the devil (that leads you in the proper direction, anyway) have Messrs. McKenzie and Nye got to do with unjustly or justly, for the matter of that, taxing anyone? Those ridiculous and absurd persons who imagine they possess the right to give or withhold taxation to the subject, to remain in Washington overnight would better read their little statute book in their intervals of leisure instead of reserving those intervals for self-admiration. Did they so, perhaps they would make the mortifying discovery that the law imposes taxes (and not unjust alike), and that they are merely interpreters of the law, and in the light of evidence that they are blankly blank blank poor interpreters at that.

J. L. R.
Washington, Sept. 10.

More "Wretched Car Service."

To the Editor of The Washington Times:

In connection with the article in yesterday's Times headed "Wretched Car Service," and signed by an individual who has experienced the discomfort of the Columbia street car service, I wish to add that not only that part of the road between Fifteenth Street northeast and Chesapeake Junction is badly managed, but that part between Fifteenth Street northeast and Fifteenth Street northwest is in just such a condition.

I have been a resident of this city for the past ten years, and with very few exceptions I have never seen a car so crowded as the cars during the busy portion of the day, either going or coming; that is, in the morning hours from 7 to 9, and evening from 4 to 8 and 11 to 12. This is caused by the few cars that are on the line, and the irregularity with which they are run.

Why the citizens of Washington should be harassed by such an inconvenience is beyond comprehension, in view of the fact that this road is the best paying institution in the city. The same can be said of the G Street line, which is controlled by the same syndicate. Can anybody do anything? W. SMITH.
Washington, Sept. 10.

A Motto and Its Translation.

To the Editor of The Washington Times:

Here is another whack at the motto of the Department of Justice:

"Qui pro domina iustitia sequitur," I translate literally, "Who follows justice as a mistress"—that is, with the devotion of a lover. But in this view "iustitia" is bad Latin, and should be "iustitiam" (accusative).

Possibly we may take "pro domina iustitia" as a phrase in the ablative absolute and translate, "Who, with justice as mistress, follows." A learned friend, however, suggests the following: "He who (the Attorney General) in behalf of justice, the mistress, follows (the grantees)." R. T.
Washington, Sept. 10.

A Treasure at a Book-Stall.

It is still possible to pick up a treasure in a miscellaneous bundle at a London book sale. In today's Athenaeum a recent instance of such a piece of luck is narrated. It was in a short-lived periodical called "Undergraduate Papers," four numbers of which were published in 1857 and 1858, that Mr. Swinburne commenced his literary career. Copies are now exceedingly rare, and the last quotation was £16. By some strange oversight a complete set of the "Undergraduate Papers" was included in a bundle, and the whole lot was sold the other day for 7s. at an auction room near Piccadilly Circus.

The fortunate purchaser has since sold his Swinburne treasure for £39. So important of the value of the "Undergraduate Papers" were the compilers of the catalogue that they did not think this particular item of the bundle worth mentioning.—London Chronicle.

Kisses are actionable in southern Russia, but the many cases before the local magistrates prove that the little god of love defies law as well as locks.

A kiss in the street car costs the indiscreet occupant a fine of 2s.

To embrace one's fiancée in public is a privilege valued at \$2.00.

A declaration of a "great passion" by postal card is subject to a fine of \$2.00.

The public must be protected and the disturbing influence of such sights is assessed at a figure calculated to discourage impetuosity.—Cable to the New York World.

Profitable Forgery.
MM. Eugene Vincent and Elina and Mme. Grand, who were yesterday condemned by the eleventh correctional chamber to fines of 125 francs and 50 francs, respectively, for selling forged pictures and drawings. The pictures in question were sold as from the brush of Toulouse-Lautrec, and fetched, it is said, 12,000 francs in all. The drawings were said to be those of Henri Pile. The expert evidence declared them to be forgeries, and the fines just mentioned were imposed. It would seem that if the pictures concerned were sold for 12,000 francs the accused could well afford to pay fines amounting in all to something under 200 francs.—Paris Messenger.

Bubbles.
The long green—a lanky "rubie."
Traveling bags—some men's trousers.
Printed for private circulation—a lover's kiss.
A shining example—the conscientious boot-black.
If an old sheep is a ram, is a young one a Baby Bunting?
A prizefight that is all blow is nothing but a wind-mill.
"Rubie" is an appropriate name for the girl of the party.
It's the well-dressed lawyer that gets a fashionable suit.
The bookkeeper may not always put his best foot forward.
The merry-go-round man likes to see money kept in circulation.
A whole sheet of music is only a piece of music, after all.
There are "troubled waters," but some folks don't trouble water much.
The convalescent zebra is healed with many stripes.
Even the vegetarian contortionist can make both ends meet.
It is a royal flush when the king gets red in the face.
A friend in need isn't a friend indeed when he is always trying to borrow what he needs.
Don't worry, don't fret;
You never will get
The best of your troubles by that;
If you feel you're too thin,
Try to think with a grin.
Of the people who think they're too fat.
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Courts and Capitals of the Old World.

By THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY.

Lord Grimston Not a Bacon.

Lord Grimston, who arrives here today from England, is, although the son and heir of the Earl of Epsom, not a Bacon. It is necessary to explain this, as the great Sir Francis Bacon, whom some people believe to have written the works of Shakespeare, and who certainly originated the cold storage process, was created Lord Verulam on being elevated to the lord high chancellorship. This peerage, however, became extinct at his death, and the present earldom of Verulam, to which young Lord Grimston will in course of time succeed, was created in 1815. Nobody knows why this earldom was conferred, unless it was because James Walter Grimston had been shrewd enough to marry the daughter of the prime minister, Lord Liverpool, who is therefore the great-grandfather of young Lord Grimston.

The family claims to be descended from Sylvester de Grymstone, who accompanied William the Conqueror to England as his standard bearer. But one of the most notable of the Grimstons in olden times was that Sir Harbottle Grimston, who was speaker of the house of commons at the time of the Restoration. Sir Harbottle played a notable role in English history that the name has ever since been perpetuated in the family.

Line of Descent Broken.

As in so many cases of old English families, the line of descent has been broken, and has been perpetuated only through the distaff side of the house. Thus the last authentic Grimston, who died in 1706, left no male issue, and his large estates descended to his great-nephew, William Luckyn, member of parliament for St. Albans, who was authorized by the crown to assume the name and armorial bearings of his relative, and was eventually created Lord Grimston in the peerage of Ireland.

This first Lord Grimston in his old age took to playwriting, but not with success, for Pope holds him up to ridicule as "the booby lord." This has served as a dreadful warning to his descendants, none of whom has ventured since then to trifle with letters. Young Lord Grimston in this respect adheres to the traditions of his family. For at Eton, as well as at Oxford, he distinguished himself more on the river than in connection with his studies, rowing in the Eton eight in 1888 and 1889, and in the Oxford eight in the university boat race of 1890. He is twenty-three years of age, good looking, and heir to large estates, as well as to Gorbunbury, one of the grandest old places in Hertfordshire.

A Remarkable Order.

Attention has lately been drawn to the existence of a very remarkable order, which is represented in this country and the title of which may be rendered in English as "The Attorneys of St. Peter." It is composed of eminent Roman Catholic lawyers in different parts of the world, with branches in the various great capitals, the grand master being Maitre Lautier, of the French bar, while Duke Fery d'Esclandes is at the head of the French branch. Dr. van Franckenhuysen is chairman of the Dutch branch, while Dr. von Herting, one of the leaders of the Catholic party in the reichstag, is the chief of the German branch.

Cardinal Rampolla has been the protector of the order since the death of Cardinal Parocchi. The order was founded by Pius IX, and the first of the statutes of the order indicates its object, restricting as it does the membership to those members of the legal profession, and to persons possessed of legal training, who have given adequate proofs of their unselfish devotion to the interests of the church, especially in legal matters. The services which they have rendered to the church, and the vast influence which they have placed at the disposal of the latter are but little known. For with that discretion which is characteristic of their profession they avoid all notoriety, the only insignia of their order being a medalion showing a violet cross on a white enameled ground.

A Methodist Statesman.

It is doubtful whether there has ever been an English peer who, on succeeding to the estates and honors of his father, has found his affairs in more perfect order than the new Marquis of Salisbury. In the management of his immense property the great statesman, who for so many years directed the fortunes of the Conservative party, was the most methodical and exact of men. Everything was done on a system, and the most rigid adherence to that system was enforced on all those with whom he had dealings. All accounts against him had to be rendered monthly, and paid on a certain day of the month. An infraction of the rule of rendering the accounts monthly led in the first case to an intimation of the rule and a warning. If a second infraction occurred the account was at once closed.

In the management of his lands—he made a point of always having a Scotchman as his estates agent—he established a system of elaborate returns which necessitated the maintenance of a considerable staff of clerks in the estates offices. From these returns he could at a glance discover the financial history not merely of every piece of property, but even of every single field of his numerous farms. It was not only an elaborate but a costly system, such as exists on very few other great estates, but which enabled the late marquis to know at once exactly where he stood in connection with the expenditures and revenues of his property, and which was very characteristic of the orderly habits of the great statesman who has just passed away in his state home.

Enters House of Lords.

The accession of Lord Cranbourne to his father's marquessate entails, of course, his transfer from the house of commons to the house of lords. But it

does not necessarily mean that he will quit the foreign office, in which he has held until now the position of parliamentary under-secretary of state. For in the event of Lord Lansdowne resigning his seat in the cabinet, in deference to the popular clamor now raging against him in connection with his conduct of the war department during the Boer war, it is possible that a commoner may be assigned to his place, in which event the new Lord Salisbury would represent the department of foreign affairs in the house of lords instead of as heretofore in the house of commons.

It may be pointed out, however, that the nomination of a commoner to the secretaryship of foreign affairs is rather contrary to custom. The majority of the foreign ministers of the British crown during the last hundred years have been peers of the realm, such as Lords Aberdeen, Granville, Malmesbury, Clarendon, Rosebery, Kimberley, Derby, and the Duke of Wellington. Among the reasons for this is the fact that in the house of lords the responsible minister for foreign affairs is less exposed to indiscreet questions on the part of members of the opposition than in the lower chamber of the national legislature, and then, too, there is a disposition on the part of the crown to regard peers as better qualified than commoners to conduct the foreign affairs of the nation, in accordance with the wishes and views of the monarch, the supreme control of the foreign relations of the empire being among the most cherished of the constitutional prerogatives of the King.

Princess Natalie's Son.

Princess Natalie, of Montenegro, a daughter of the Serbian Colonel Constantinowitch, first cousin of King Milan, has just given birth to a son, who seems destined in course of time to succeed to the throne of his grandfather. For, as the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Montenegro, have no children, and are moreover exceedingly unpopular, it looks as if Princess Natalie's husband, Prince Mirke, second son of the burly sovereign of the Black Mountain, were destined to inherit his crown. Mirke is clever, accomplished, and very popular, as is his beautiful wife.

Flagellants in Philippines.

According to a report received at the War Department from Lieut. C. M. Barney, of the Medical Department, now stationed at Fort Schuyler, N. Y., and formerly on duty in the Philippines, the custom of flagellation is still prevalent among the Filipinos, especially during holiday week. While in Bulacan province, Lieutenant Barney had an opportunity to witness this practice, in regard to which he says: "A person falls ill, for example, and he promises the Deity that if he gets well he will perform penance of such and such kind, during such and such days of Holy Week for so many years. Or, if he has an enemy whom he wishes to get rid of, he vows that if this enemy dies he will drag a ball and chain, or flagellate himself, or perform some other penance on Holy Thursday every year during the rest of his life. Back of the small chapel, called 'victa,' which exists in every village, he begins his penance."

"With his face covered to prevent recognition, stripped to the waist, and with no clothing on but a white cotton loincloth, one finds him standing with his arms folded, his head bowed forward, and his body bent, while an every-day looking native slaps him on the back till the blood comes into the skin. Then he is spatted with a piece of wood with little metal points in it till his back is mangled and the blood runs freely. Then he starts out on a long day's journey from 'victa' to 'victa.' "He is certainly a weird and barbaric spectacle, as he silently and slowly stalks along, with covered face, swinging from side to side a cord, into the end of which is braided a bunch of sticks about the size of pencils, which strike his bare, bleeding back with a loud sound at every step and mangle it so that the blood oozes down and soaks his white trousers."

"At short intervals he prostrates himself in the dust, utters some unintelligible jargon—possibly a prayer—while the everyday-looking citizen pats him on the back and the soles of the feet with a flail as he grovels there. Again the outlandish figure goes through grotesque contortions or progresses by handspings."

"Whenever he comes to a stream or ditch he plunges into it, and whenever he reaches a 'victa' he grovels before it and spends much time in prayer."

"One may see these flagellants lying prostrate in the dust for long periods at a time. But the chief picture one carries in mind is an erect native with covered face, bare, bloody, brown back, and blood-stained trousers, stalking slowly forward along the bamboo-fringed roads to the rhythmic accompaniment of the swinging scourge, while from every house for miles comes a weird, monotone lilt which represents the chanting of the Passion."

The Podunk News.

The advertisements first I read,
In search for something I may need.
The deaths come next—because you know
Old friends as well as strangers go.

And then the births—it is so nice
To count the buds from Paradise.

Then come some items from a nook
You will not find in map or book.

Miss Jenay Jinks has gone away
To buy a hat for Easter day.

Elias Simpson broke his leg;
His ladder, it had slipped a peg.

Tobias Jenkins will not lead
The choir—voice has gone to seed.

Elias Swanson's drawing logs
Out of the old tag elder logs.

The scholars almost had a faint—
The schoolhouse has a coat of paint.

Joe Slocum seems to be the boss—
The egg he brings, it wins the toss.

The trolley line will soon be here,
And free delivery—how queer!

And then the verses they invite
My eyes; that's where I always write.

Remember, friends, and don't refuse
To ante for the Podunk News.

The last thing that I always write
Is your "subscription notice" right.

—Horace Seymour Keller.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.
Chorus girls' money goes a very short way when it comes to clothes.

It takes a maid to make a widower think of his loss and a widow to make him forget it.

A woman always has an idea that if she had \$100 more of income she could save \$200 more.

It is the man who pushes the baby carriage at home that bullies his woman typewriter in his office.

A woman can get as much fun out of writing a letter of condolence as a man can out of an old pipe with a cracked stem.

—New York Press.

Political Gossip Here and There.

Mississippi Has a Candidate.

Mississippi Democrats, now that their contest for governor is over, are endeavoring to start a little boom for the nomination of Senator Anselm Joseph McLaurin for Vice President. Of course, the boom is confined